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# Latin School Register

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VOLUME XXXI., No. 8.

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ISSUED MONTHLY

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## CLASS ORATION

Mr. Pennypacker, Teachers, and Classmates:

This is a day of valedictory, and, like all such days, one of mingled joy and pain: joy that we are about to enter a new era of strange and unlimited possibilities; pain that we are about to leave a place so full of tender associations. For we cannot forget that here has been our second home, this home of wisdom and learning; that here our hopes have

been nourished, and our ambitions guided and purified. In a larger sense, however, there is no departure and there needs no valedictory. The spirit of the Boston Latin School will always be with us; the best of the lessons which it has taught, we hope to recite in our acts in the world in no uncertain way. There can be no leaving it; its spirit is in us; we must carry its best results wherever we go.

The Latin School has taught us many lessons. In the word of the poet, "an honest man's the noblest work of God." Honesty has been its highest lesson. Here we have been taught that upright character is more to be desired than great riches or even great learning. Our classrooms and the very walls of this Hall have echoed encouraging exhortations to duty. These strong imperatives will continue to be inspirations to integrity of life, re-enforced in their emphasis and influence by the living examples of those who spoke them to us. Not misdemeanors or marks or censures have kept us in the straight and narrow path; those were mechanical instruments, of merely secondary importance. It was rather the living and abiding influences here of earnest men and high aims that have been the potent appeal.

In being graduates of this school, we become members of one of the most ancient scholarly societies of which this country holds record,—the Alumni of the Boston Latin School. This is a special privilege, for what other school can boast of a past, at once so long and honorable? We shall feel the inspiration that comes from such an illustrious history. But this privilege should bring to us not merely a feeling of pride, but also one of responsibility. If those before us have been great, in act or character, we cannot afford to be small; if others have brought honor to this institution, we must not bring disgrace. This responsibility we cannot, will not shirk.

We have acquired much knowledge: knowledge of facts, of history, and of science; knowledge of principles, of theo-

ries, of methods; all valuable knowledge, broadening and enlightening, and we are not only fuller and wiser in mind, and better in character, but we are stronger in developed powers; for as we have acquired, we have grown in strength to acquire. Our powers of mind, of reasoning, of concentration, of analysis, and of clearness in expression have grown. From the mathematical sciences we ought to have learned to reason more correctly. Algebra, with its logical operations, Geometry, with its chains of reasoning, Physics, with its deductions and general laws, and the analysis of our English readings, have all combined to impress upon us the necessity and the value of reasoning. So they have indirectly prepared us for actual life, the great problems of which can never be solved, except by the application of cogent logic.

From the study of languages, we have learned concentration and command of the will. There is nothing so elusive, or, often, so irritating as a Latin verb. It is hard enough to find, still harder sometimes to extract the meaning, and hardest of all to connect with the context. Here concentration is necessary, here will-power is indispensable. *Ab uno omnes disce.* From this little illustration, learn what is true in other studies. A strong will is a good thing. It is the will that translates words into deeds; it is the will that helps us bear poverty with serenity, or enjoy prosperity with humility; it is the will that has chained the forces of nature and transformed the earth into the wonderful service of man; and the Latin School has helped to develop this will.

But the universal need, the need of

every man is the power of expression. The correct use of one's native language is a necessity and an accomplishment of primary importance; for "what are men better than sheep or goats that nourish a blind life within the brain" if, having thoughts, they cannot give them proper utterance? How often is the spoken word more powerful than the sword! Everywhere clearness and facility of speech are high recommendations to success.

And from all these, inspiration, desire for integrity, increase of knowledge, the training in concentration, in will-power, in reasoning, and in expression, what have we gained? A preparation for life. In the words of the Latin proverb: *non scholae sed vitae discimus*: we have learned not for school, but for life. We know not what awaits us, but surely it is not presumptuous to assert that our knowledge will often be available; that there can be no situation where honesty will not recommend us; no work in which inspiration will not be of benefit; no problem in which the will, concentration,

and sound reason will not be conducive to its solution; and no situation where self-expression will not help. For the service of the school in these ways, for all other service, we thank the Boston Latin School.

Nor are these all the things we have obtained here. We cannot forget the delightful friendships, and the sharing of incidental delights of all the great activities of our school; indeed, for nothing else do we feel more grateful then for the high pleasures we have had in the school pleasure, in the studies themselves, in the opening of doors to delightful intercourse with great truths and great minds, a pleasure which is, we are told, and believe, the end and aim of our literary study, and which may be an accompaniment of all earnest study.

We have profited by our years here, and we have enjoyed them to the full. The school has blessed us; how shall we bless it, but by being worthy sons of so noble a Mother!

LOUIS RUBIN, '12.

## CLASS POEM

Upon a silver stream, the Hellespont,  
Which westward creeps beneath Apollo's car,  
Until it touches seas which mermaids haunt,  
Where myriads of Neptune's islands are;  
Celestial Venus in the budding spring,  
Upon the southern shore long, long ago  
Implanted Sestus, like a lofty King,  
And opposite, just where the bank bends low,  
Abydos placed, while strange attraction sweet  
Drew both quite near—yet could they never meet.  
A maiden beautious at Sestus stayed;

And oft, when limpid waters lapped the land,  
And Luna silently the earth surveyed,  
    A youth Leander, swam to Hero's strand.  
He, treading paths quite purple in the night,  
    In answer to a beacon placed on high,  
Across the gently heaving swell to light  
    Made hasty way. Then Zephers all would vie  
To wrap sweet fragrance round the lovers twain,  
    And waft him softly o'er the waves again.  
But once at night great Zeus and Neptune strove,  
    While bursting thunder pealed from out the sky,  
While lightning flashed, sent by the hand of Jove,  
    And, hiding Luna's rays, the clouds flew by,  
Forced on by winds the Furies did unlock,  
    Which whipped the billows to a foaming surge,  
And drove them raging on the rugged rocks,  
    In Pluto's howling darkness to emerge.  
Then miserable blackness hooded all,—  
    A gloomy shroud, a silent, awful pall.  
But, as Leander peered amid the gale,  
    Unto his straining eyes there came a sight.  
A blazing beacon, ghastly and most pale,  
    Had cast o'er all its weird and ghostlike light.  
To him the storm seemed like a breathless calm,  
    The struggling winds had lost their mighty strength.  
He plunged amid the foam, nor thought of harm,  
    And in the white-capped sea was lost at length.  
Sweet Hero gazed with fear upon the surge.  
    The wild waves sobbed a slow and stately dirge.  
But when the moon had pushed aside the veil,  
    And shone, with all her gorgeous beauty dight,  
The waves died down, and ceased their mournful wail,  
    The wind strove on, lost in the fleeting night.  
Then sank the moon: the sun appeared to view;  
    The sea birds circled o'er the rocks with cry,  
And skimmed by twos and threes the waters blue,  
    Which like an image of the Heavens did lie.  
The sky above, the earth, and e'en the sea  
    Seemed blended in a perfect harmony.  
But, though the night was fearful to behold,  
    Sweet Hero, buffeted by Titan blast,

Had kept a faithful watch in spite of cold,  
Until the peaceful morning came at last.  
And then she saw, borne on a swelling crest,  
Leander, calm, majestic, but in death!—  
She knew that he was dead, forgot the rest,  
Then closed her eyes, and strove to catch her breath.  
She staggered on, she slipped, she fell, she sank!  
A wave rolled in, and, gurgling, reached the bank.  
Then Neptune wound his horn, and through the air,  
Sweet mermaids softly sang a sad refrain  
With voices beautiful, with voices rare,  
While rocks, enchanted, echoed back the strain.  
And, as they sang, the music slipped away,  
While they, retreating, carried in their arms  
The lovers twain along a golden ray  
To Neptune's land, the realm of joy and charms,  
Where lovely summer lingers all the year,  
But never storms or baneful winds come near.

\* \* \* \* \*

O Classmates, as we pause to say goodbye,  
We feel our joy and pride both pass away.  
We feel a sadness, as the hour draws nigh  
When we must part; we take our leave to-day!  
But, parting, we embark upon a life,  
Which now glides onward like a gentle stream,  
But which, should storms arise, may yet be rife  
With direful cares, of which we only dream.  
Though this should be, yet may the tempest cease,  
And, at its passing, come fond hope and peace.  
Yet in the darkness, let us turn our gaze  
Unto our Alma Mater, Virtue's own,  
Illuminating with her golden rays  
The paths which we might fear to tread alone.  
Dear school, too quickly has the time sped on:  
Alas! Too quickly has this day drawn near,  
Those precious hours are now forever gone!  
But, ere we go, our love we pledge thee here;  
Then may we strive to keep thy hallowed name  
In all its splendor in the halls of fame!

ALLEN LINDELL CLEVELAND, '12

## PLAYING THE GAME

As the train drew into the station, Herbert Gill rushed along the platform to greet a youth who swung off the car steps before it had stopped.

"Hello, Kid! I suppose you're prepared to get an awful licking?"

"Licking nothing!" retorted "the Kid" impeturbably. "We're going to show you fellows a few things this afternoon."

As the two brothers started arm in arm up the street to the Academy, a marked similiarity of appearance was noticeable. Charles, the younger, was two years the junior of his brother, and consequently not so large. But they both possessed the same clear-cut features, the same lithe, active forms. Herbert was in his senior year at Fairhaven, and "held down" second base and the captaincy of the base ball team.

Whatever had possessed Charles to enter Sanborn Academy, instead of following in his brother's footsteps at Fairhaven, is not known. Suffice it to say that he was making as great a name for himself at Sanborn as Herbert was at Fairhaven. Although only in his second year, he was a permanent fixture at third base on the team. And he was to have his first clash with his brother that afternoon, when Sanborn should line up against Fairhaven for the final game of the season.

Although the game had no special significance for Sanborn, it meant everything to Fairhaven. A win would tie

them for the first place in the "Prep." League, in which Sanborn ignominiously occupied fifth place. It was also Herbert's last game for Fairhaven, and, as captain, he felt he "just had to win."

"This game means a lot to you, doesn't it, Herb," said Charles.

"Everything in the world," responded his brother; and, as he spoke, Charles noticed how wan and pale Herbert's face was. A tender rush of feeling swept over the younger boy.

"Oh, I hope you win, Herb, and if I could, I'd do almost anything—"

His brother swung round, his face white, and his eyes flashing.

"You'd do nothing of the sort, Kid. If we win that game we'll win it on our merits." Here he stopped, his voice softened as he affectionately put both hands on Charles' shoulders. "But you won't, Kid. Remember you're just going to play the game; just play the game!"

As the blue-stockinged Fairhaven men trotted out on the field to take their positions, a mighty cheer rent the air. The stands were crowded, and the Fairhaven blue was seen everywhere. Here and there flecked a piece of crimson, but the home team's color predominated. The Sanborn players were truly in hostile territory, and felt it.

Sanborn came to bat first. Fairhaven's pitcher, Ferguson, slowly wound up, and delivered a lightning-fast strike on the first man to face him. A great roar went up from the Fairhaven stands, and

the game was on.

Inning after inning slipped by without a score. Both pitchers seemed "to have something on the ball," and hardly a ball was hit to the outfield. The first of the seventh inning—"the lucky seventh"—saw the Fairhaven rooters on their feet "pulling for luck." But it was not till the ninth that a score was made.

MacAuley, Sanborn's shortstop, after two men were out, dropped a "pretty" bunt along the third base line, catching the infielders asleep. Ferguson started the trouble. He should have been satisfied to let MacAuley reach first, but when he saw that the third basemen was not even moving on the play, he raced forward, scooped up the ball, and, almost without looking, hurled it across the diamond. It went ten feet over the first basemen's head into right field. MacAuley, rounding the bag like a hare, scuttled to second. Fairhaven's right fielder came tearing in, the ball struck the tips of his gloved fingers, and bounded out of his hand, falling ten feet behind him.

MacAuley, signalled by the coacher on third, crossed second like a rocket, and when he was almost at third base, the right fielder straightened up, and whipped the ball in the general direction of home plate. He had caught the contagion, and, as the catcher ran back for the wild throw, MacAuley let out the last link in his stocky little legs, and slid over the plate, bringing in the first run of the game.

Charley on the bench, found himself repeating, "We didn't do it! They beat themselves! They beat themselves!" The

next man went out on a "pop" fly, and in dead silence the teams changed places for the last half of the ninth.

Charley, trotting to his position, passed within ten feet of his brother. The captain was walking slowly toward the bench, his cap in his hand, and it seemed to Charley that he had suddenly grown old.

In the coacher's box a blue-stocking-ed warrior was yelling that the game was still young. "It's not over yet! It's not over yet!" But there was no reassuring bellow from the grandstand, where the blue rooters were huddled, still stunned by the magnitude of the calamity that had overtaken them.

The first man at bat swung at two slow ones, and then popped up a weak foul to the catcher. The next man took a strike, and then dropped the ball neatly between second and first for a single. The Fairhaven supporters came to life with a sharp cheer. They screamed madly when the Sanborn catcher dropped the next ball, and the man on first slid for second. Somerby, who had been pitching gilt-edged ball so far, now "went up in the air," and hit the next man, who jogged down to first so elated that he forgot to limp.

Higher and higher rose the yells from the grandstand. Sanborn's catcher walked into the diamond, and handed the ball to the pitcher with a word of encouragement. A pinch hitter was in to bat for the pitcher. After swinging at two wide ones, he caught one on the end of the bat, which went bounding along toward right field. The right fielder, by a pretty play, got the ball, and snapped it to first in time to get the runner.

But there were now men on second and third, and "Herb" Gill, the heavy hitter of the team, was at bat.

An insane asylum might have been recruited from the grandstand. The Fairhaven rooters were demented with joy. The pitcher suddenly discovered that his shoe needed tieing. Charley could barely restrain himself. He wanted to throw his cap into the air and add his voice to the tornado of sound. The pitcher was breaking, anybody could see that.

The Stands hushed. Somerby dropped into position, cuddled the ball a few seconds, and then uncoiled. The ball flew straight as an arrow over the inside corner of the plate, four feet from the ground. Charley, following it with his eye, saw his brother swing with all his might. There was a sharp "tick", and the ball sailed into the air, a foul, toward the left field end of the grandstand. The catcher jerked off his mask, but it was hopeless. It was Charley's ball. The boy realized the situation in one sickening flash. As he raced foward, he was conscious of the monstrous unfairness of the thing. Why should this play be forced on him of all men on the team. Suppose he missed—. Then he remembered his brother's words, "Play the game, Kid, play the game!" His mind was made up.

With one eye cocked on the ball, and his spikes drumming the turf, he shot into the shadow of the grandstand without slackening his speed. It was dropping now, still far ahead of him, and, as the speck of white changed color, as the ball passed out of the

sunlight into the shadow, Charley knew that the catch must be made dangerously near the stand, if, indeed, it was made at all. There was a chance that the ball might drop into the first tier of boxes.

Thousands of fellows were howling at him, taunts and insults beat down upon him like a storm. He heard nothing, saw nothing but that swiftly falling spot of white. He was aware that the stand was very near; the sound of the shouting was in his very ears, but he dared not look. And then, with only a stride further to go, he saw the white of the ball flash against the dark green of the board wall. It was going to drop outside after all.

The boy made one more mighty leap, he thrust out his gloved hand with an upward, scooping motion, his right arm he doubled across his face. Then it seemed to him that all the fireworks in the world exploded inside his head, and then darkness shut down.

Some minutes later he opened his eyes. His brother's arm was about his neck, and somebody was pouring water over his face. What could be the mat—. Then it all came back to him. He weakly turned his head toward his brother.

"Did I get that foul, Herb?"

"Did you get it?" cried his brother. "Why, Kid, it took us two minutes to get it out of your hand!"

"The Kid" looked up once more, and this time his voice broke. "I'm s--sorry that I caught it, Herb,"—

"And I'm awfully glad you went after it," finished his brother proudly.

C. J. H. '12

## A MOOSE-HUNTING EXPEDITION

"Moose-hunting!" Would I like to go? "Gosh!" The proposition startled me, to say the least. So, at last my fondest dream was to come true. "You bet your life I'd like to go! When do we start?" But practical Uncle Jim curbed my precipitancy with a "Get your Dad's consent first, lad." I assured him that the necessary consent was as good as obtained, though, to tell you the truth, I was a little anxious. Perhaps Dad's permission would be withheld on account of the fact that I would have to miss the first few days of the fall term. However, Uncle Jim succeeded in persuading Dad to let me go. I was really to go "moose-hunting!" "Moose-hunting!" Ever since I had been able to pull the trigger of my first air-rifle, I had looked forward with keen anticipation to the day when I should be able to hunt big game. Now, here was Uncle Jim, all accoutred and ready to start on a hunting expedition, and "only too glad", as he said, to take me with him. Here, indeed, was an opportunity "to show what I was made of." I'd show 'em. The cold of Northern Maine wouldn't faze me. No, Sir! And no moose would be safe within miles of our camp. Hadn't I had a rifle all summer? Hadn't I killed nine sparrows and a chipmonk? To be sure, my rifle was only twenty-two caliber—all the more proof of what a "bear" I'd be with

a full-sized, accurate rifle, and so big a target as a moose. I'd show 'em what I could do. This was my first big chance. My fondest hopes were about to be realized. Ah! how happy my dreams were that night!

In two days we were at the camp near the head waters of the Penobscot river. The camp had not been used for years, so the first thing to do was to clean house. In a couple of hours, the place looked respectable, and a great, log fire in the large fire place added a cheerfulness to the surroundings. The fire strongly appealed to me, and I determined to sleep before it that night. When night came, Uncle Jim "snuggled up" in a sleeping bag on the couch in a far corner of the room, while I wrapped a couple of blankets around me, and lay down immediately before the fire. How foolish Uncle Jim was to stay so far from the fire! Wasn't it warm near the fire? It was warm indeed, then, but about two o'clock in the morning, I was freezing; fire out; wind blowing down the chimney; feet protruding at the foot of the blankets; everything conspiring to make me as cold as possible! After all, Uncle Jim did have some sense; there he was sound asleep in his corner, and no wind whistling about him. I quickly followed his example, and, snugly in-

stalled, well out of the way of the disturbing breezes, I was soon dreaming. When I had been asleep a very short time, as it seemed to me, I was awakened by Uncle Jim's shouting that breakfast was ready. Breakfast over, we set out after our moose. I wondered why Uncle Jim smiled when I told him that I would be satisfied with "bagging" one or two the first day. I soon found out why. After tramping about the whole forenoon without a sign of a moose, I began to think that we must be in the wrong vicinity. That night I was sure of it. Not a sign of a moose! However, Uncle Jim assured me that he, in former years, had killed at least a score of moose in this neighborhood, and the next day we started out with new hopes.

That day we did see signs of moose, but signs only; when I was already beginning to get discouraged, we saw those hoof prints, and again hope was revived in my breast; and then came visions of herds of moose, ours for the shooting.

Alas! I was to be deprived not only of the pleasure of shooting one of these kings of the northern forest, but even of seeing one—alive. My evil star was certainly in the ascendant during that trip, when chopping wood for that beloved fire of mine, the ax slipped and cut my foot. My injury confined me to camp for a week, and necessitated my turning cook. Uncle Jim was the total strength of our hunting force now, and I must say he creditably acquitted himself. He actually "bagged" two moose. I had the pleasure of eating moose for the first time, but, although I enjoyed it very much at first, I soon tired of it. Uncle Jim promised me the head of the larger moose,

so after all, I was to return from the expedition not without a trophy.

At the present moment, the head of that moose is looking down upon me from the wall of my study. Mounted handsomely, it is at least an artistic reminder of one of the most interesting experiences of my brief existence. Looking back upon my sojourn in the wilds of Maine, my mind is filled with pleasant recollections. The companionship of Uncle Jim was enough to make any trip enjoyable, while the trip itself was such as to be agreeable in almost any company. This combination of man and trip would be hard to beat; so it is no wonder that my remembrances of the outing are very pleasant. Besides, in looking back upon an experience, my thoughts are apt to pass lightly over any slight discomfort I may have undergone, dwelling longest upon the most agreeable episodes and most delighted sensations experienced. How thrilled I had been when we caught sight of that first hoof print! To think of it now sends a pleasant little shiver down my back. And that open fire! The very thought of it makes me feel "warm and cozy". Uncle Jim, always a good story-teller, must have been at his best during that week at camp, for every detail of every one of his stories, told by that fire, seems to have made an indelible impression upon my mind. Uncle Jim and I became very close friends during that trip, and our friendship has become closer still as the years have gone by. We have made many trips together since that moose-hunting expedition, but of no trip have I such pleasant recollections as of my first hunt for big game.

P. H. D. '12.

## SPRING COMPOSITIONS

About this time of year, when Nature opens her storehouse, and the sap is running, there comes to each and every English teacher in the land the thought, "Well, now, it's time my class brushed up on composition work." This is a period of torture to the youth who cannot imagine to himself beautiful vacation trips, marvellous fish caught after desperate struggles, half a dozen people rescued from drowning by the act of a mere boy, and a host of other wonderful events. But let us give to that poor youth who cannot picture himself saving some bewitching heiress from flames, a safe subject for his consideration in this period of Spring composition. It is the safe and sane, old and revered fishing trip.

Begin your composition by announcing to your reader that, after much consideration, you and your companions — naming each one by his full name, and adding a few to use up more paper — decided to go fishing on a certain day. Always tell which day of the week was to be the one; do a little mental arithmetic, and state clearly how many days that left you in which to prepare, and finish your first paragraph by going early to bed, and by being unable to sleep because you were haunted by the thought that in a day or two you were going fishing.

Having finished one paragraph on "Anticipation," with the required one hundred thirty three and one third words, it is

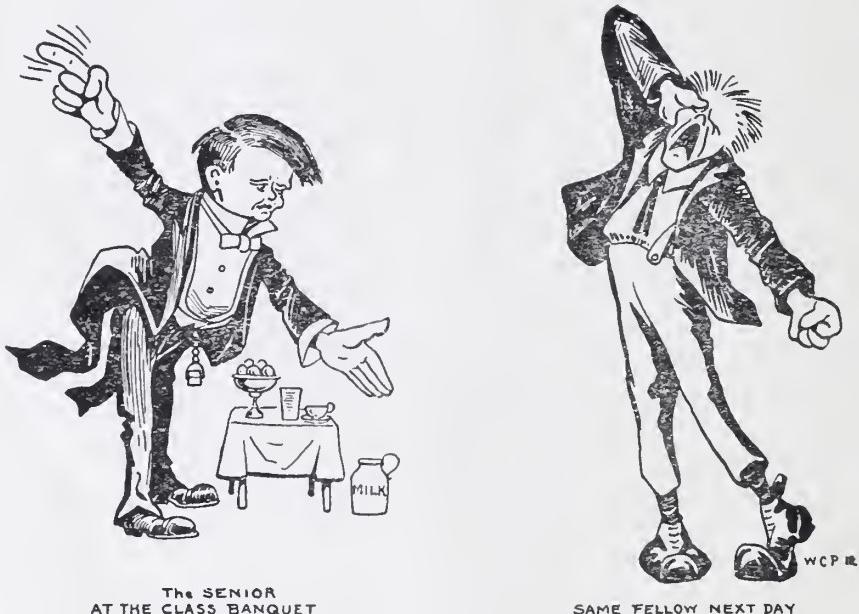
safe to begin the second paragraph by waking, looking at the calendar, and then suddenly remembering that this is the day in which you have decided to go fishing. As unity is very desirable, it is well to note on your paper that you have had a good night's sleep, to contrast with the poor night's sleep you had in the last paragraph, even if they are one and the same night's rest. Dress quickly, eat a hurried lunch, and then start out to find your companions. Invariably — and any English instructor will bear witness to the truth of this statement — at least one of the crowded must be forced to forego the day's pleasure, either because he has caught the measles, or must mind the baby while mother goes to town. There now is a choice of two paths for the tired writer. His subjects in hand may spend all the forenoon in hunting for bait, — and the writer may sprinkle a few remarks on the domestic habit of worms, the different kinds of worms, the usual length of a worm's life, the difference between a worm and an eagle, or any other botanical reference to worms he happens to think of — or he may have his young heroes collect their poles, lines, luncheon, and hooks, safely arrive at the river, and then suddenly announce to his reader that they have totally forgotten the bait. This latter method may give the writer a most admirable opportunity to soliloquize on the forgetfulness of the human mind, — and

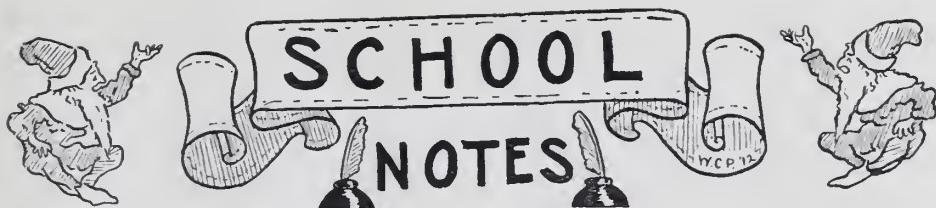
incidently use up much paper.

Now it is left for the writer to close. We will suggest one admirable way. It was tried in school when school was kept in the virgin forest; it was tried when the Greek and Roman scholars pricked with their styluses on their wax tablets; tried in our own country when the stone-age student worked weeks on his hieroglyphics to cut the chisel's path in the hard slate, and future generations

will use it when Edison has perfected a parchment on which sound acts like a pen, and speaks even without the graphonic needle, to the teacher.

But to our finishing touch. Make your young heroes fish all day without catching anything but severe colds, then give them their suppers; and have their grannies tuck them away safely in bed, each having resolved never to go fishing again. F. J. G., '12.





# SCHOOL NOTES

Tuesday, April 23, 1912! This is perhaps enough for the members of the First Class. Certainly the memories of that day will never pass from their minds. But as for the others, who, although they still retain a vivid picture of the events of that day, are liable to confuse them with the events of similar days yet to come—of course not nearly so successful, but still somewhat similar—an account here might serve as a pleasing reference in after years. The exercises are not only most highly commendable as regards the efforts of the class and its separate members, but due consideration must be taken of the vast amount of hard work necessitated for their successful completion. The editors of the "Register" have seen and heard much of the worry and bustle attending the duties of the Class Day Committee in long afternoon sessions, of which no one else is aware, and we, therefore are in a position to appreciate fully their efforts for the good of the class; it is merely voicing the ample praise of the class, and of the school, that we append their names with a rousing cheer understood after each one:— Neil L. MacKinnon, Chairman; Foster E. Allison, Secretary; W. E. Harrington; D. Leo Daley; and John Vaccaro.

Silence reigned! What were all those people waiting for? Why, for the class of 1912! And it came at last, from the infants to the wise, and from the wise to the great (in size), through the "ample portals" of our exhibition hall. It filed

slowly in, mounted the platform and—sang! E. M. F. O'Shea was the long lost Nightingale, and took the part well, trilling softly and sweetly. Then that wonderful class filed down, and was seated. Silence reigned again—in awe of course. Allen L. Cleveland then swayed the audience with his beautiful verses culled from the realms of antiquity, followed by a novel musical selection by Messrs. Bergheim and Schwarz. Both deserve their share of the honors of the day.

All began to shift uneasily in their seats. Why? The class Orator was coming. He came, roared, and went like a mighty thunder storm that slowly rises out of the horizon, bursts with all its forcefulness, and then retires grumbling in the distance—the grumbles here being the echoes, you understand. Rubin's address was, indeed, a good one both in substance and in delivery, and one which we feel will not be equalled in many a year.

If we say this of the oration, what, pray, must we say of the prophecy! Big, burly, Albert Austin Tate stood "prophetically" at the head of his class, and "knocked" its members soundly, much to the satisfaction and delight of our friends. His reception was such as we have never seen before, and the profuse clapping that followed his witty sayings showed the great appreciation of the school and its visitors. The class, indignant at its treatment, left the hall with a fierce revengful spirit, but our mighty prophet had escaped.

He was later found peeping cautiously out from one of the desks in the farther corner of Room I. The Class Glee Club! Did we forget it? Well, I guess not! We delayed only to keep up the suspense, you know, for emphasis. It was truly a surprise to find what our young warblers can do. Perhaps, as we strongly suspect, it was due to the fact that they were singing about women! At any rate, the number was well executed, and, incidentally, well appreciated. Considering the remarkable success of all the music, we here thank Prof. O'Shea heartily for his beneficial assistance. Hon. Charles H. Slattery, B. L. S. '85 next delivered the address, warning and advising the class concerning its future work, reminding it of the fine opportunities which this school has afforded, and urging it to look back to that school, its mother, for future protection and guidance. Every one was deeply impressed by the address, and the class thank their brother sincerely for his helpful words. The much enjoyed orchestra and the elaborate programmes of the day were provided through the industry of the committee, whose efforts did not end here, but extended to a most enjoyable Salute to the Colors, Company and Drum Corps exhibition, and Evening Parade.

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Heard the news? No? The Lunch Room has almost become bankrupt! Why? Well, I'll tell you. The First Class gentlemen are rich, yes, very rich. And when they get hungry, they are ravenous. Now, you see, in the evening of that memorable day which you have

all heard about, Class Day, they were to have a banquet. Of course, since they have all learned to figure as many as six hours ahead of time, our young philosophers wisely decided to save their appetites for the luxuries of the evening—and so, you see, the Lunch Room suffered cruelly.

Over seventy-five were present at the first annual banquet of the Class of 1912, including many of the teachers. Mr. Henderson was the toastmaster, and the following toasts were made: President Henry Clifford Bean, '12 on "The Class of 1912;" Hon. Charles H. Slattery, '85 who very kindly consented to speak owing to the regretted absence of Mr. P. T. Campbell, on the "Alumni"; Dr. Byron "G." Groce on "The Faculty"; Albert Austin Tate, '12 on "Athletics"; and Mr. Henry Pennypacker on "The Boston Latin School". The following were also invited to speak: Mr. Robinson, Mr. Rich, Mr. Rice, and W. W. Drummey, '12. All those who attended the banquet were well repaid, and, I may add, are now quite satisfied that the Elevated trains do run all night!

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Not a few of the duties of Class Day devolved on the President of the Class, Henry Clifford Bean, and we must not only congratulate him on the excellent way in which he acquitted himself, but pride ourselves that we possess such a worthy representative.

In the fret and tumult of school politics, we find that arrangements have been made for a longer term in succeeding years. Seniors may be consoled by learning that this does not effect the colleges—not even Dartmouth!

The "French" rabble of the First Class were considerably abashed two or three weeks ago when a few of the "Greeks" proudly displayed theatre tickets given to the Homer Class for its subsequent amusement. Some say it doesn't pay to take Greek, but if you had seen the blank expression on those "Frenchmen" you would soon have decided against them.

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Boom!—Boom! boom, boom, boom!  
Come, keep your eyes on your books, its  
only our tin soldiers at it again in the  
street.

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The spring tennis enthusiasts have turned out in good numbers and the tournament promises to be a good one, under the direction of Cheney.

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Many appointments to Commissioned offices resulting from Prize Drill have been refused because the applicant has not yet reached the second class. You see those second-class fellows don't want to be bossed around by the Sophs—the selfish things!

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That we have soldiers worthy of the name has been proved beyond a doubt in the Prize Drill at Mechanics Building. It is yet to be shown in the Street Parade, however, how they compare with those of other Schools. The drill was thoroughly enjoyed by a large and enthusiastic audience, and although the weather conditions were excellent without, inside it rained candy continuously, keeping the youngsters busy all the time. As usual, the hall was divided into two sections for the Junior and Senior Com-

panies respectively, and, strange to say, most of the interest was centered on the Junior Companies. For the first time in years, as far as we know in the history of the school, a Junior Company won the command of the regiment for its captain. Capt. Samuel E. Nash of Co. L is to be congratulated on the fine drilling that enabled him to receive the Colonelcy. The choice was never in doubt. A close second to him however, and perhaps the most popular captain on the floor was Capt. Dukeshire of Co. M. His company gave a most brilliant exhibition and was awarded the second Junior prize. Five Junior Companies out-drilled all the Senior Companies. This does not, of course, detract from the success of the Seniors, but only shows the remarkable excellence of the Juniors. The first Senior prize went to Capt Vinal of Co. B, and the second to Capt. Sullivan of Co. F, both of whom upheld the standard of drilling which the Latin School represents.

If the Company drilling was excellent, what shall we call the performance of the Drum Corps? Words fail us. We can only say that it was by far the most perfect exhibition of the sort ever given—the rest will speak for itself. Clarence G. Severy has the honor of being the major of the best Corps that ever represented the Latin School, and his work in organizing it is the more remarkable when we consider the comparatively few members who were back from last year's aggregation to help him.

Of the evening parade, Col. Benyon spoke as follows: "The Latin School set a standard of excellence in the carrying out of the evening parade that has

never before been reached by any schoolboy regiment, and, doubtless, it will be many years before the mark which she has established will be surpassed." He also took occasion to commend Quartermaster Henry H. Carpenter, through whose untiring efforts the success of the drill was in large measure attained. I am sure, too, that we owe as much to the guidance of Col. Benyon's hand as to any other one thing.

Mr. Pennypacker has cautioned us to preserve the honor of the school carefully, in all our relations. This includes more than our school connections. We are very apt to forget that the precepts of our school should guide us beyond its portals. It is care in this respect that marks the real benefit our education brings us. Let us, therefore, remembering that our school is the mother of our youth, try to be dutiful and loyal sons.

Besides being the acknowledged champion in foot-ball, Room 16 now has the honor of having the premier basket-ball team of Class I. This was settled when Capt. Soucy's team effectually defeated Capt. Tate's by the overwhelming score of 49 to 48. In all honor to the vanquished, let us say that "they were foes worthy of our mettle." But Room 18 protests that they should be allowed to play the winner!

One more month, boys. Don't slacken up on the ropes, there are four more miles left for the good ship. Don't be satisfied to drift in lazily, at the finish.

Shake out those reefs in the mainsail, it's not time to drop the anchor yet.

The Latin School baseball team is going along smoothly this season, and has a good chance to win the championship of Greater Boston. It has defeated such teams as Dorchester High, Thayer Academy, Dummer Academy, and Salem High. The positions are now settled, and every man is fixed for the year. In addition to a good sized corps of utility men we have a strong pitching staff.

As one considers the strength of the various teams, taking particular notice of the individual players, he is struck with the sterling work of Dick M'Ginn behind the bat. It is hard to find a better schoolboy catcher than this man, for several reasons: he is a cool, steady, man behind the plate, has a good arm, and is a strong batter. First Baseman M'Carthy is another player who is showing unusual ability. At present he is the one best bet at the initial sack, although J. Doherty is pushing him hard. Campbell holds down second base in fine shape, and he with Graham at short make a strong infield combination. At third base Miller is playing a good game, although over-eagerness swells his error column. But he is a hard worker and is steadying down all the time. The outfield looks good with Wholley in left field, Harry Kiley in centre, and Daley at right. Wholley and Daley have been "hitting them on the nose", and their hits have come in very handy. Kiley is also the "change" pitcher. Captain Boles is at the head of the pitchers, with Dolson, Tate, and Kiley to help him out.

## ATHLETICS.

*B. L. S. 10*

*Thayer Academy 2*

Although the game was rather one-sided the Latin School met a fairly strong team in the Thayer Academy aggregation. This was only a practice game, and does not count for much in the season's schedule, but it gave Captain Boles a good chance to get a line on his men.

Tate pitched this game for the Latin School and showed up well, holding his opponents down to two runs. Hard, sharp fielding behind him gave him confidence with men on bases, and M'Ginn's throwing took care of all who tried to steal second. J. Doherty, on first, handled all that came his way, while Graham showed all his old-time form at short.

*B. L. S. 4*

*Beverly 1*

The Boston Latin School team ran up against a better nine than the Thayer Academy team, when they met the Beverly High. They pulled through with a good margin, however, the score being 4 to 1 in favor of the Boston Latin School.

The Beverly men got only one run, being unable to connect with Dolson's shots. Dolson was very steady throughout the game and always managed to pull out of any little difficulty. Indeed, the school can congratulate itself on having such a strong corps of pitchers, who from present indications should win the

pennant for us. Features of the game were Daley's batting and Graham's fielding.

*B. L. S. 3*

*D. H. S. 1*

With Boles in the box, the Dorchester High School was beaten to the tune of 3 to 1. This game was one of the best that has been played by any school team this spring. There was heavy hitting on both sides, but the ability of Boles to keep the hits well scattered resulted in a victory for our team.

For the Latin School, Campbell and M'Ginn played a good game.

### CREW

The rowing order of the first boat is now: stroke, Soucy; No. 3, Tate; No. 2, Dukeshire: bow, Robinson. All of these men rowed on last year's crew, and their average weight is 170 lbs. There is not a schoolboy four now on the river that has their weight and their experience. With the coaching that they are getting from Mr. Greer, the outlook for a win in June looks bright. H. M. H. '12

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